

Our steamer, the "Genkai Maru" is nothing beside the "China" and we are indeed thankful to be on land instead of passing through the Inland Sea on our way to Nagasaki in this weather. The harbor is full of vessels from all over the world and the hotel is crowded with guests, tourists and businessmen growing impatient over the delay.

Rev. H. Loomis has just come and reports a rough voyage down here from Yokohama--should have made it in 24 hours and has been three days at sea. Mr. Bruen was seasick all the way from Vancouver so I cannot expect him to be very entertaining the rest of our voyage.

Remember me to all friends, the Mission Boards, Juniors and Sunday School boys.

Very sincerely yours,

Sadie H. Nourse

**Letter from Sadie Nourse to her folks, Fusan, Korea aboard the Genkai Maru, September 25, 1899.**

My dear folks,

I will write but one letter tonight, direct it to James and let him forward to John and Bayard and they can send on to Papa and Roy.

On account of heavy storms last week, we were delayed in leaving Kobe till late Saturday p.m., September 23. For this reason we passed through the most beautiful part of the Inland Sea at night, but I cannot imagine how it could surpass what we have seen.

Until Sunday noon when we anchored in a narrow place between Shimonoseki and Moji to take on cargo, we passed through what is generally considered the most magnificent sheet of water in the world. It is 240 miles in length--so narrow in places that two vessels can not pass. Islands of all sizes terraced from the water's edge to the summit in rice fields.

When we passed out through the straits of Shimonoseki we were again on the open ocean, struck a bad storm and our vessel which is a small one felt the change and rocked and pitched in a frightful manner. Consequently I did not go down to dinner that night. Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and Mr. Shaw were the only ones who ventured below. We

had a bad night but at daylight dropped our "mud hook" as Mr. Shaw says and were in the harbor of Nagasaki. I wish you could get a good look and pictures of Japan and then you might have some idea of all I have seen. It is not possible to write in detail.

We went ashore for the first time in a sampan, rode about the city in rikshas, visited a noted temple and in the afternoon went out in rikshas to Mogi--four miles. It was like riding through fairyland. Through the city up long hills then through a narrow canyon we would say, down hills to the ocean on the other side. Then back again to catch our steamer at six-thirty.

Try to put ocean and mountain scenery together with that of picturesque Japanese villages, bamboo forests, clear mountain streams, great beds of choice ferns, wild flowers, hills terraced with rice and millet fields, vegetable gardens, etc.

Another bad night, then a quiet breakfast in harbor at Tsushima, back to our steamer chairs to spend a miserable stormy day. This was a record breaker for even Dr. Sharrocks was sick.

At 5 a.m., we dropped anchor in Fusan harbor. I am pleased with what I have already seen of my new country, but it is too early for even first impressions. Neither the people nor the country are in any way like Japan and to see two foreign countries in one week is a little confusing.

Immediately after the Genkai anchored, a sampan came out with a young Japanese gentleman carrying a letter to me from a Miss Chase, one of our missionaries stationed here. They have all preceded us to Seoul to the meeting. I will return here in two weeks via the Genkai with them and then on to Taiku with the Johnsons and Mr. Bruen. He is the oddest fellow. Everyone calls him "mamma's baby boy." He is seasick all the time. The Sharrocks and I have a good deal of fun at his expense. I like the Sharrocks ever so much. We have become well acquainted and get on beautifully together. The doctor has been a great help to me.

When I came to dinner tonight I found another letter for me. This was from Dr. Johnson concerning my freight and plans for going on. We have to go from Chemulpo via riverboat, as the railroad is not quite completed.

We have only a few passengers but very agreeable--Rev. Henry Loomis of Yokohama, Mr. Bruen and a Mrs. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Fascett going with us to Seoul. Mr. Shaw is a businessman from Kobe, manager of an ice plant company, I believe. Mr. Fascett perhaps you have heard of. He ran for governor of New York some years ago on

the Republican ticket, is a millionaire and has large interests in Korean mines. His wife, five children, nurse and governess will join him next month. He has made the trip here many times and is a most interesting conversationalist. Sunday evening neither of us felt like going down to dinner and so ate together on deck. He told me much about the government and needs of the people and the work of our missionaries. He has great admiration for our first missionary to Korea--Dr. Allen who is now U.S. minister to Korea. He says it is through Dr. Allen that he was allowed to open mines, start R.R, etc. for Dr. Allen has much influence with the emperor.

Mr. Fascett, with the Sharrocks and myself are at the dining table writing late tonight. A Russian steamer leaves early tomorrow for Japan and will catch the next mail.

All our officers of course are Japanese and speak very little English. The captain sits at the head of our table, chief officer at the foot. The purser is very fond of music and after our little morning service Sunday, he asked Mr. Loomis if I would write the words of "America" for him. I turned the pleasure over to Brother Bruen for he thought he could write plainer than I do. Then the purser came again with a paper containing the chorus of Swanee River and asked if I could write the verses for him. I did so and then explained the song for him. He said it just suited him, but I said you are neither far from home nor a slave. "Yes," he answered, "my home is in Tokio and I am a slave to the "Genkai Maru." He laughed over his joke many times and then wanted the Star Spangled Banner. My memory failed me after the second verse. Even Mr. Loomis who fought at the Battle of Gettysburg, could not help me out.

Wish I had a book with these familiar songs and also that Chamber of Commerce book on Santa Ana.

The Pattersons lost that little book for me of Dr. Chapman's, "The Secret of a Happy Day." I was real sorry to lose it and may send for you to get me another.

Whenever there is anything to be sent--I may want several things when I get settled--send to Johnson Bros. and he will send with orders of freight. Never under any circumstances burden anyone who is coming out. We have had many annoying experiences of this kind--had to pay extra freight, etc.

My letters mailed just as I left Kobe were finished hastily. Word came that the launch was ready and we would leave at twelve though we did not get out till four.

We go ashore early tomorrow and leave here at noon for Chemulpo where we are due September 28th. I am hoping to get my mail at Fusan. It came on this boat with us from Kobe via Doric\*.

Yesterday we passed the 'Gaelic' at Nagasaki returning to San Francisco. Except for occasional seasickness, I am perfectly well and have enjoyed sightseeing in Japan immensely.

Remember me to all that may inquire for me with a great deal of love to all.

I am affectionately yours,

Sadie H. Nourse

### **Diary Excerpts September 1899.**

27--Rose early to see my first sunrise on Korea shores. Beautiful. Went on shore to Fusan to see Custom Office about freight. Left trunks and wheel. Left at noon.

28--Stopped at Mokpo. Went ashore for long walk. Left this p.m. Hard wind tonight.

29--Arrived early this a.m. in Chemulpo\*. Met by Dr. Johnson. Drew ashore in Sampan. Lunch at Chinese hotel and then on RR train. Walked through sandy riverbed to boat and rikshas to Seoul. Came with Mr. Loomis to Mr. Gifford's and then to Miss Doty's.

30--Annual Meeting. Met the missionaries. Mr. Whittimore here for tiffin\*. Long walk to the old palace grounds.

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\* Steamer

\* Chemulpo: Now Inchon

\* Tiffin: tea



**Chemulpo Harbor, 1899.**



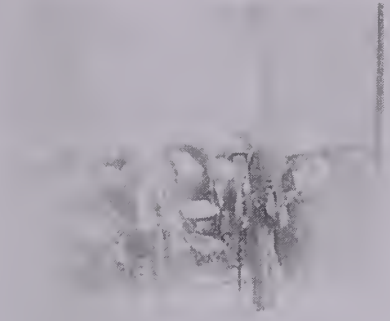
**Shoreline at Chemulpo, 1899.**



**Unloading freight at Chemulpo, 1899.**



**Dock at Chemulpo, 1899. Dr. Sharrocks,  
Dr. Johnson, Sadie Nourse on right.**



**Sadie Nourse in riksha on dock at Chemulpo.  
Dr. Sharrocks standing.**

**Newspaper Clipping from the Santa Ana newspaper telling of safe arrival of Sadie Nourse dated in her handwriting, November 1899.**

Miss Sadie Nourse writes from Seoul, Korea, at which place she arrived in safety and good health, and where she has been assigned for one year. Her letter to her family is a most interesting one, from which we are kindly permitted to extract in part, as follows:

I have traveled in many queer conveyances since leaving Santa Ana but the way we journeyed after leaving the railroad was great. For the convenience of passengers--till the road is completed--a track of three feet wide has been laid for train cars. There are three coaches, two first class, one second, and men carriers are the freight and baggage cars.

The first-class passengers had a covering of white muslin, but the second-class people had to hold their umbrellas to keep off the bright sunshine. Mr. Loomis, Mrs. Rischer, Dr. Wells, Dr. Drew, Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and myself filled one car, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bruen, Rev. Mr. Jones and family of the South Pres. came behind and we were pushed along for three miles by two coolies relieved along the route by new men.

When the river was reached we walked some distance through the wet sand to sampans--our boat stuck on the sand and boatmen had to wade in and push us off. Mr. Bruen and his dog, Mark, were as usual late--had to get in another sampan, was afraid of getting his feet wet and had a boatman carry him on his back. At the landing we were again mobbed by carriers and riksha men, Koreans and Japanese.

Saturday morning was my first session of the Annual Meeting. It is a great privilege for us new ones to come at this time. I wish I could bring these missionaries and their work before you--it is well worthwhile crossing the ocean to meet such earnest, consecrated people.

If you can imagine a presbytery, synod and general assembly all in one you can have some idea of the business connected with the mission. These meetings are the great events in the years of a missionary's life. Everyone is expected to be present and give a written personal report of the past year's work. Every item seems to be so very important and many serious questions are to be decided--sometimes they call forth hot discussions when these bright earnest speakers take the floor, but never a harsh word, for uppermost is kept the one supreme desire, preaching the gospel. I am very pleasantly entertained here--everyone is so kind.

Saturday, Mrs. Rischer and I left the meeting at recess and went out to the new palace to see the Emperor and Crown Prince set forth on their visit to the Queen's tomb. We had an upper window at the Union Bible House facing the great gate to the palace and had a fine view.

There were two thousand armed soldiers in line, flag-bearers, high officials mounted on donkeys, all in the most ridiculous costumes. The king was carried in a covered chair, which was covered with pale yellow silk, also worn by the footmen. The Crown Prince's chair and carriers were in red.

We had to walk nearly three miles back to Miss Doty's because the Emperor and his son wanted to take a ride in their private electric car and all other cars were stopped. I was sorry not to have had my camera with me for I had so many opportunities for good pictures.

They tell me that I must not spend more than two hours daily on language studies. The nervous strain is so great that many break down before their work begins in their anxiety to learn rapidly and two hours with



the teacher spent in hard study, the rest of the day in talking with others will accomplish more in the end. Examinations are held at annual meetings.

When our next order leaves Johnson Bros., I want a quantity of garden seeds. The Juniors maybe would like to make a collection of flower seeds for me, some for myself and some seeds done up in a little package to be given to the girls and women. Mrs. Lee says they love flowers and will walk miles for a few seeds. Miss Doty has a nice garden of foreign vegetables. She has introduced tomatoes here. The Koreans are just learning to eat them. The Phing Yang station has a large garden of foreign fruits and vegetables and it is said they grow finely. The chief colors on the streets are the great heaps of red peppers, the persimmons, chestnuts and the white turnips with their long green tops. Then there is the Korean cabbage, something like Chinese lettuce. The vegetables are all carefully washed in the dirt along the street.

The climate is all anyone could desire. It is cold, almost frosty at night, warm clear days. I am learning to sit upon the floor at Korean meetings and can keep almost as still as they. The morning service of October 1st was a union of Korean Christians in Seoul. It was held in the M.E.\* Church, a large building with a thousand people crowded to doors and windows. The first thing I noticed upon entering was the absence of seats and then long white muslin curtains extending from the middle of the pulpit to the main entrance separating the men from the women. It was a wonderful sight to me to look upon that great audience and I was not suprised to hear that some of the first workers here were so overcome that they left the room.

### **Diary Excerpts October 1899**

1--Beautiful Sunday. Meeting. One thousand present. Went to Dr. Underwoods for tiffin. Saw the Great Bell with Miss Best.

10--Decided in Annual Meeting that I should be assigned to Seoul Station instead of Taiku. Wrote all day. Visited in chair with Miss Best. Home at midnight.

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\* M.E.:Methodist Episcopal

16--Went to register at American Legation.

18—Dinner at hospital with Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and Miss Shields. Seoul Station meeting. Discussed offer of the King to buy Miss Wambold's and Dr. Whiting's property. Rode home on Miss Shield's wheel by moonlight.

**Letter from Sadie Nourse to her brother, Roy, Seoul, November 6, 1899.**

My dear Roy,

The two boxes you packed for me in Santa Ana were received Sat. p.m., Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> and were in the best of order. Nothing broken but an empty fruit jar and one drinking glass.

I was quite surprised when I unpacked the large trunk to find the musical instrument and thank you for it. I believe it would be easier to teach one of these little heathens how to play it than for me to spend much time performing upon it. One girl here in the school plays very well on the baby organ. She is the only Korean who has been taught to play.

Please tell Mr. Mankey the next time he sends a wheel out to heathen lands to chain the caps on air valves. One of mine has been removed through native curiosity and I am having a little difficulty in replacing it. He should have put in extra ones. I can buy a bell here and will have to do so before I ride along on the Big Street. Everyone walks in the middle of the street and usually stands still right in front of us.

Had a letter from Papa later than yours. Yours was delayed. We never know when mail is going or coming and it is very irregular.

Had a long letter from Mary Wood which I enjoyed very much—was full of news and interesting—will try to answer. Thank her for me, but really I cannot write so many letters or so many individual ones. I have almost constant interruptions all day--time which should be spent with the teacher. Ligths out at ten usually and rise between 5:30 and 6:00 o'clock. I do enjoy all my letters immensely and wish I were free to take time to answer everyone promptly.

My teacher, the girls and the servants enjoy seeing my photographs and every few minutes since my things arrived someone is in for a “kug kung” or sightseeing. They all want to see my four brothers or “neit tong saungs” my “chip” or home and the Modjeska picture of Mrs. Sylvester, Minnie and “Nourse Pween”. They have never seen a horse and carriage. My teacher was greatly interested in the latter. Tell Mrs. S. I do not know which he admired most, the strange looking people or the way in which they dressed.

In a few days I will send you pictures, etc. for Christmas which I would like to have you attend to for me.

Am perfectly well and comfortable. Will be better settled in a little while. My furniture is very nice—was well packed as were groceries, etc. from Johnson Bros. The missing box which was over-carried by the Gaelic to Hong Kong must have contained sugar and condensed milk, but Miss Doty has plenty of both and also has dyspepsia badly so cannot use much of either. The queer little woman cook likes to make “song tong dock” or cake, but unless company is in, I am the only one to eat it.

Mrs. Gifford left for Japan on Nov. 3 hoping to benefit by a sea voyage and change of climate. Mr. Gifford’s mother who has just come out will be alone here when Mr. Gifford goes out on his country trips.

Miss Doty says I had best have you send me several caps for the wheel. They are constantly being lost and are difficult to replace. Will send undeveloped films as soon as I can get time to arrange them for mailing.

Remember me to all my friends and tell them to write often but not to be disappointed if they do not receive prompt replies.

With a great deal of love to all, very affectionately,

Your sister

I am glad to see you are keeping promises concerning the “Blade”<sup>\*</sup> My letters are all miserably written. Hope my Korean will prove better than my English.

S.H.N.

### List of My Wants

1. One nice dress for best summer wear, inexpensive wash goods, don't care what, just so that it is light and cool.
2. One nice gray linen skirt for afternoon wear—to station meetings, etc.
3. One blue denim skirt with jacket like my gray traveling dress.
4. Belt to match skirts that I wear with shirtwaists<sup>\*</sup>—leather mildews.
5. White muslin belt to wear with my white dress and waists.
6. Light weight shoulder cape of black for riding on the wheel and summer.
7. Two cool house wrappers in a pale blue and white stripe and one of pink gingham or something of the kind.
8. A cool thin goods shirt waist for outdoor wear—something to keep skirts and waists from parting company.
9. A warm woolen wrapper for winter and bedroom slippers with good soles and high ankles.
10. Set of cotton underwear to put on between change from heavy wool to light summer wear.
11. Two light gray—not particular—underskirts for everyday summer wear.
12. Dozen white napkins, can have them hemmed here—have tablecloths.
13. One pair of laced shoes and one or two pairs of low shoes—Mr. Turner has my size and number.
14. White and colored ribbon and ties for neckwear and a cluster of three or four red roses for best hat with a calendar for 1900 is really all I can think of.

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<sup>\*</sup> Blade: Santa Ana newspaper

<sup>\*</sup> shirtwaist: blouse

## **Diary Excerpts November 1899**

9—After unpacking and storing of boxes of their contents, had boxes finished for couch.

10—Delightful warm, bright day. Went to Hospital Home late this p.m. in Korean chair to take supper and attend first meeting of the first year's class in language study. Sent home Korean flag and amber buttons.

### **Letter from Sadie Nourse to her brother, Roy, Seoul, November 14, 1899.**

My dear Roy,

I will send you by this mail a Seoul newspaper containing the amber stones. One for Faye, Reba, Anna, Raye and Minnie. Could you have Smith and Talbot mount them for stick pins? I think a link could be easily passed through the hole where the cord is and the stone could then be fastened by two or three smaller links to the head of a pin. You can send Minnie's to her when it is finished. These are worn as buttons by the well-to-do men and women to fasten the cloak or jacket in front. I had Miss Doty's teacher buy them for me and had two or three language lessons concerning the transaction. By rubbing the stone on the palm or a piece of woolen till hot you can prove that it is genuine amber for it will then pick up a tiny bit of wood—lead pencil whittlings for instance.

You will also find in the package a little Korean flag which I had made for you. There are no national colors, but these colors are common ones. There is a long history connected with the design. I will ask Mr. Gale to give it to me again. Fortune tellers use dice marked with the lines and say they can tell all that has past and all that is to come.

There is absolutely nothing in Korea that is pretty or artistic and it is difficult to send by mail what can be had. The shops are full of silver pipes, hair pins and buttons. Then there are brass shops with full sets of brass dishes which the better class use. Will try sending you a set of brass chopsticks and spoons someday. Tell me how these things carry. And also tell me the cost of mounting photos and buttons and I will repay you.

Language goes on very slowly. I forget so much and it is most exasperating to try to carry on a conversation and to be unable to use the words you want. I have a little joke on you. Sunday evening I was sitting here writing when Yusimopoje, gateman and man of all work, came in to make up the fire. He stopped to look at your large picture. I told him it was my eldest brother. He looked at it again and then said, "Why he is a Moksas." That means a shepherd or leader of people. All the pastors here are called Moksas and as you are dressed just as the Mekook, or American gentlemen of the mission, he took it for granted that you were a minister.

There is constant practice of soldiers at the barracks below. Although I cannot see over the wall, I can hear them drilling and the bugles sound at all hours of the night. The troops are large in numbers, but I doubt if they could stand fire.

The old missionaries here say that it is only a question of time as to when the King will be dethroned and the country taken by Japan or Russia. Mr. Gale says that while out in the country a few days since he met a company of Japanese soldiers who told him they had been sent overland from Fusan to inspect the roads.

Mr. Gale is one of the finest men here. He delights in languages and has several at his command. He is much loved by Koreans for he understands them so thoroughly. Every two weeks, Tuesday nights, he is to come here for supper and then give the school girls a course of lectures.

Mrs. Gale leaves with the two daughters for home schools and Mr. Gale is to make his home in Seoul—has been given charge of translating under the Board.

Dr. and Mrs. Underwood, son, Holly, and doctor's private secretary, Mr. Millar, who has recently come out from Canada are to take supper and spend the evening one day this week.

We do not have much time alone and there are always many duties. I am trying so hard to learn the value of Japanese and Korean money. Silver doubles in gold value. Today I gave the man 30 cents Korean silver with which to go to market for a chicken—tht would be 15 cents in America. There is constant change, too, in the value of paper money and it is all very confusing even to old residents.

We had a queer experience today. While at dinner, we were startled by a loud report from Miss Doty's study and hurrying in found that a pint bottle of cough medicine which Dr. Fields had mixed a few days ago for the girls, had exploded. It had been tightly corked and the syrup fermented. The sticky mixture covered books, papers, etc.—some of them valuable translations.

My Christian Endeavor daily reading was in the little book Mrs. Patterson lost on the "China" and I have not known since the topics, so have had to send verses without any choice of subject. If I were capable of composing a real "missionary letter" I would write one for the C.E.s, but I write so hurriedly and with so many interruptions that such letters would not be worth reading aloud.

Have had no letters except yours and Mary Woods since my first mail, but expect answers to forty eight letters mailed in Kobe.

This fern\* is from Mokpo, near Nagasaki, Japan. Remember me to Mrs. Sylvester and to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Aunt Annie and all who may inquire for me. Please tell Dr. Ball I have not forgotten the idol for his desk. Have thought of it many times. The Koreans do not have idols as the Chinese and Japanese do, but they use ancestral tablets which they worship as idols. When the Koreans become Christians, they are compelled to burn the tablets and if they are not Christians they will not under any consideration part with them. But many of the missionaries have a tablet or two and the first one I get shall go to Dr. Ball.

With much love to all and trusting that you will not be much troubled with the buttons and photos. I am as always your

Affectionate sister,

Sadie H. Nourse

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\*fern: small frond of fern artistically inserted in slit on front page of letter

**Letter from Sadie Nourse to her brother, Roy, Seoul, December 6, 1899.**

My dear Roy,

Your letter of October 31<sup>st</sup> was received December 1<sup>st</sup> with a good, long one from Ervie Bear—the only Santa Ana letters.

Such a long time between mails is very unsatisfactory. I forget what has been written or what letter you may have received.

I will write to Mr. Hand and ask him to send you \$30.00 which I would like to have you spend for me. You know I did not get as much as I needed when I left home partly because I did not have an idea of what would be best. I find that here in Seoul, being the only young lady among the foreigners, I am entertained more than I might be on some foreign mission fields and shirtwaists will not do for every occasion. Then I must be prepared for very cold weather as well as very hot weather. I can be comfortable with what I have for this winter. Will have to make it do for it is too late to send. Please do not ask Aunt A. to help you do my shopping. I would rather have Mrs. Sylvester than anyone for she has such good taste. But if she is too busy, Mrs. McKean would do. Mrs. True promised to do my sewing if she was still in Santa Ana. I like her best. Hattie Johnson might take it.

Now, there are a few things to help you out. Laundry work is very cheap and beautifully done by our own house servants or by Chinese. Tell Aunt A. I sent my lavender gingham to the Chinese laundry, the only accident in packing happened to it—a box of cocoa butter and salve melted and the dress got it all. I supposed it was ruined, but it washed perfectly.

Another pointer, I feel the cold very much. Several times already have made my tracks in the snow and this is not winter weather yet. Had storm windows and doors finished today and keep good fires. Have to be prepared for dressing quickly. Sometimes Miss Doty is sick in the night or the girls are and I am sent down a long, cold entry with candle and medicine bottles. Then, too, much of my time is spent over a study table and I do not want anything very tight.

Another thing, I always have to take off my shoes when in a Korean home and find that everyone here wears low shoes with leggings for



cold weather. These are made of woolen cloth, close-fitting and buttoned. Doubt if you see them in California. Never mind, but I should like the low shoes for the girl's schoolroom and for church. It is rather tiresome sitting for two hours on the floor with buttoned shoes.

There is one thing I hardly dare ask for—the Ladies Missionary Society would think it a terrible extravagance—some perfume or Florida water. The odors from the streets and from many of the Koreans themselves, with their garlic and tobacco, is anything but agreeable. And when hot, rainy weather comes everything is so musty. Sewers here are all on the “topside” of the streets.

I would like above all things to have those sermon Bibles if Papa does not mind letting me have them. I believe he did offer them to me. And I would like very much to have the large album or at least Papa's and Mamma's pictures from it. If you are not going to housekeeping for awhile you will not care for it and I will promise to hand it down to the next generation. Can you send Longfellow's poem, “Romona.”

Do you care for those large volumes of practical illustrations on the Bible? All these books of notes and references are valuable to me. I have not an idle minute and not much time to read. Miss Doty and I take turns evenings in English worship--are studying Isaiah now. And for first year in Korean I have Mark's gospel. Mr. Gale, Mr. Reynolds of Southern Presbyterians, Dr. Underwood and Korean native teachers are still working at the translation of the complete New Testament. Hope to have it through the press soon.

Mr. Gale, who is a lovely man, is here Tuesday nights every two weeks to supper, then is giving a course of lectures (?) to the girls. His subject, I suppose, is “The World We Live In.” All is so new to them and they are so bright and quick, so eager for knowledge. Report almost in full and write in their notebooks. They are interested in Universal History and pictures, know all the Bible stories better than our home Sunday Schools.

Would like to have a good illustrated geography and collection of pictures of U.S. History if such a thing could be had. Landing of the Pilgrims, Signing the Declaration, etc. No pictures that would give them wrong impressions of a Christian nation desirable. Collections of Bible

pictures are always useful. Let the Juniors and Mission Bands help do this and if they like, do their own cards, etc. in packages with their names.

**December 7**—Am constantly interrupted and have written hurriedly. Miss Doty is out tonight. Had supper alone as I quite often do and will perhaps have a few minutes to finish this.

I will need a new pair of dark glasses as nearly like these as possible. If there is money enough left, could you get me a copy of that North Pole expedition by Uncle Joseph? The girls are studying about the North Pole, etc. and this would be a help. You know the Koreans have no literature of their own, except what missionaries have translated for them. They are now reading *Pilgrim's Progress* translated by Mr. and Mrs. Gale.

I want ever so much some simlax roots, a calla and geraniums. Every missionary here has window plants, but the only geranium is a very common, small, single red one brought out years ago and everyone has a number of plants from it. Could not some cuttings be packed in a shoebox without moisture and keep as we used to hang them up in the cellar? Mrs. Kelly's would grow anywhere I am sure. Some sweet peas would be new here. They tell that lilies of the valley grow wild—hillsides of them. Will send you some.

There is a great black raven who makes his home near here, sits on the roof and walks up and down the garden paths. I told Miss Doty that it reminded me of Poe's Raven and she said she had never heard of it! Seven thousand miles from a library with only a Bible and hymnbook may make good missionaries, but for a while I would like to keep in touch with the outside world. Can you get someone to find an old magazine containing an account of Hansen's expedition? Miss Doty never heard of that. I am not able to give it to her—never read it closely. Miss Doty said to tell you that a good lamp for my wheel would not be amiss. Can get one here in a few weeks, but not a good one. Have a fine big lantern from Johnson Bros. which I have the men carry when I go out at night in Korean chair.

This has been written on deck, rather carelessly and I fear not in the best English. Some are reading aloud, others talking to me. Just now the New York people, Chicago missionaries and myself were counting upon our watches to see what time it was at home and what you were all doing. Miss Fleeson and Mrs. Patterson got so terribly mixed up over the change in time that we have had to give them a while to study it out.

I wish I could tell everyone how much I am enjoying the letterbox. You could not have thought of anything that would have given me more pleasure than this.

Do not forget your promise to pray for me and be assured that I shall pray for you and think of you all a great many times.

Very sincerely yours,

Sadie H. Nourse

August 31

Just coming into Honolulu. It seems so good to see land again. Have to wait out here for pilot and health official. We will go ashore and spend the day. The country is beautiful from here, green with palms and sugar fields down to the water's edge. No sign of volcano. Coming in on time--ten o'clock a.m.

PS #2 Miss Perley and ladies of the school met me at the wharf and I am spending the day with them. We are going out again in the carriage this p.m. Have seen a great many strange sights. Will have some books mailed you. It is so hot. Took some photos.

S.H.N.

**Letter from Sadie Nourse to some friends, Kobe, Japan, September 22, 1899.**

My dear friends,

Not one of you deserves a letter from me for you have all had so many and I have not yet seen even a "Santa Ana Blade." But I will be good to you and write again then let you make up for it when I am too busy.

You have heard of our first storm at sea, Sunday Sept. 10, the Chinese passenger who jumped overboard, our detention in Yokohama harbor by health officers, waiting for four hours under the yellow quarantine flag and then landing from a launch in the dark at Yokohama wharf.

This was the end of the voyage for many of our tourists and as we had made pleasant friendships and spent many quiet, happy days together, we regretted to leave them.

Yokohama, which is 5520 miles from San Francisco, is the largest of the treaty ports in Japan and it was here that we did our first sightseeing in the "Flowery Kingdom."

Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks, Miss Fleeson, Miss McGilvary and myself went to the Oriental Hotel and that night went out in jinrikishas to see the city. It was well lighted with all kinds of Japanese lanterns and electric lights and every street even the poorest little alley is kept remarkably clean-swept and sprinkled by hand.

This is true of all the cities we visited and many times I have longed to try my wheel on these clean, hard streets. It makes one feel so lazy to be drawn around by a rikisha man. There are no sidewalks and everyone walks or rides in the middle of the street--narrow streets they are, too--filled day and night with men drawing heavy wagons loaded with all kinds of curious things. Sometimes if the load is very great there will be oxen in front and two or more men pushing the load from behind.

And the women and children--I believe I have seen *millions* of them with babies strapped to their backs. Some very little girls and boys--hardly five years old--are on the streets with the baby strapped on their backs. Both the children and babies seem happy. Many have pretty, bright faces and all have lovely black eyes.

Mrs. Sharrocks says the reason they all crowd around me the moment I step out of the rikisha or stop in our walks upon the streets is because many of them have never seen blue eyes, but I think they talk about my hair. It surely must look very untidy to them for they keep theirs beautifully smooth with a glossy paste they use and do it up in such pretty rolls and puffs. They never use any head covering so a Japanese congregation is not annoyed by large hats.

The constant click clack of the wooden shoes was very tiresome at first, but now I have become so accustomed to the sound I believe I could wear them myself. These are their street shoes. Indoors they wear straw

or cloth sandals such as we have to put on when we enter their homes or temples.

In Yokohama we called on Miss Etta M. Case, who has charge of the mission day school and S.S. under our board. We had dinner and spent the evening at the home of Rev. Henry Loomis. Mr. Loomis is in charge of the Bible house and showed us through the printing and storerooms. He goes with us to Seoul to attend the annual meeting.

We spent one morning in Tokio, but did not meet our missionaries there. It was raining hard and we did not stay to see much of the city so could hardly believe it is as large as the city of Chicago. It is the capital city, 18 miles from Yokohama. We went out by rail on the first road built in Japan. They are such odd little trains, like toy cars, built on the European plan with first, second and third class coaches.

Our steamer left for Kobe at 5:00 a.m. Sept. 13. We had a quiet day's passage and a charming moonlight night kept us out late on deck. It was our last night together on board the "China" and we were surprised to find how sad we all were at the thought of it. In such a little while we had become like old, dear friends.



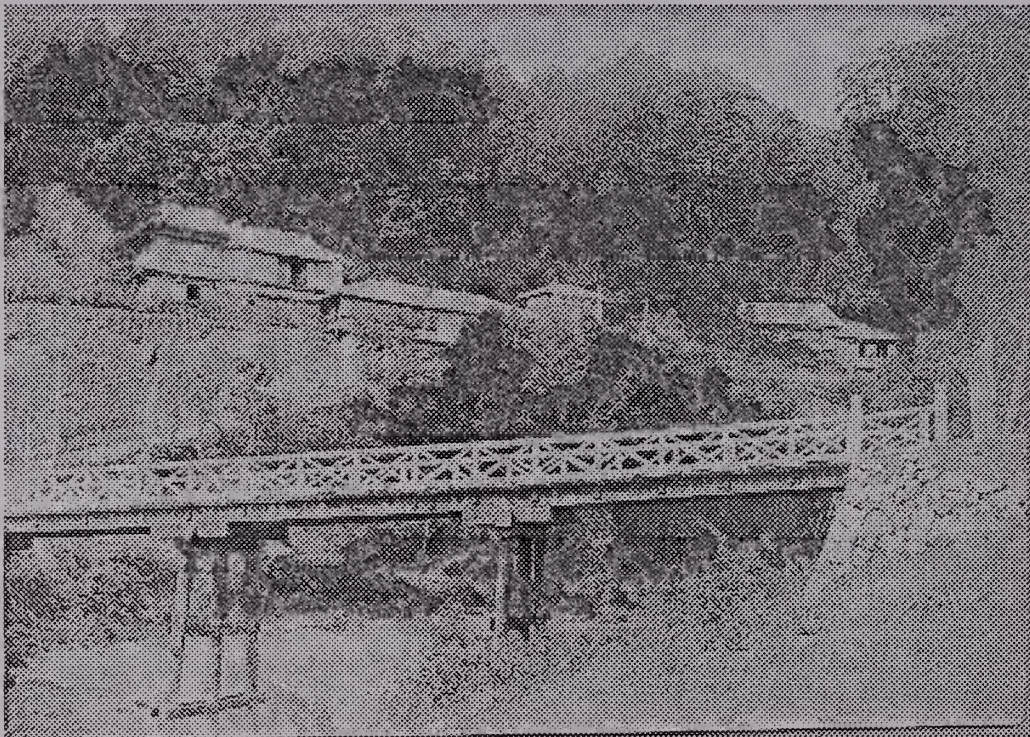
**The Bund. Kobe landing on right.**

We came into Kobe harbor at 4:30 a.m. Sept. 14. Went through quarantine inspection again and then came ashore in launches. Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and I came to the Oriental Hotel, the only one in the city where we could get rooms, saw our baggage landed, through the custom office and stored to await the next steamer.

Then our party of seven spent the day together. Had the photos taken, went out to call on the American Consul, Mr. Lyon, and met there Dr. Corchren and Rev. H. Corchren with their wives, young people going out from New Jersey under our Board. They had come via Vancouver and were awaiting the "China."

### **Diary Excerpt--September 14**

Went to waterfalls and teahouses.



**On way to the waterfalls, Kobe.**



**Lower waterfall, Kobe.**

Our four who were to leave us insisted upon our going out again to the steamer. We did so and waited till ten o'clock and then went below to the launch with Mr. and Mrs. Horn and watched the "China" pass out of the harbor.

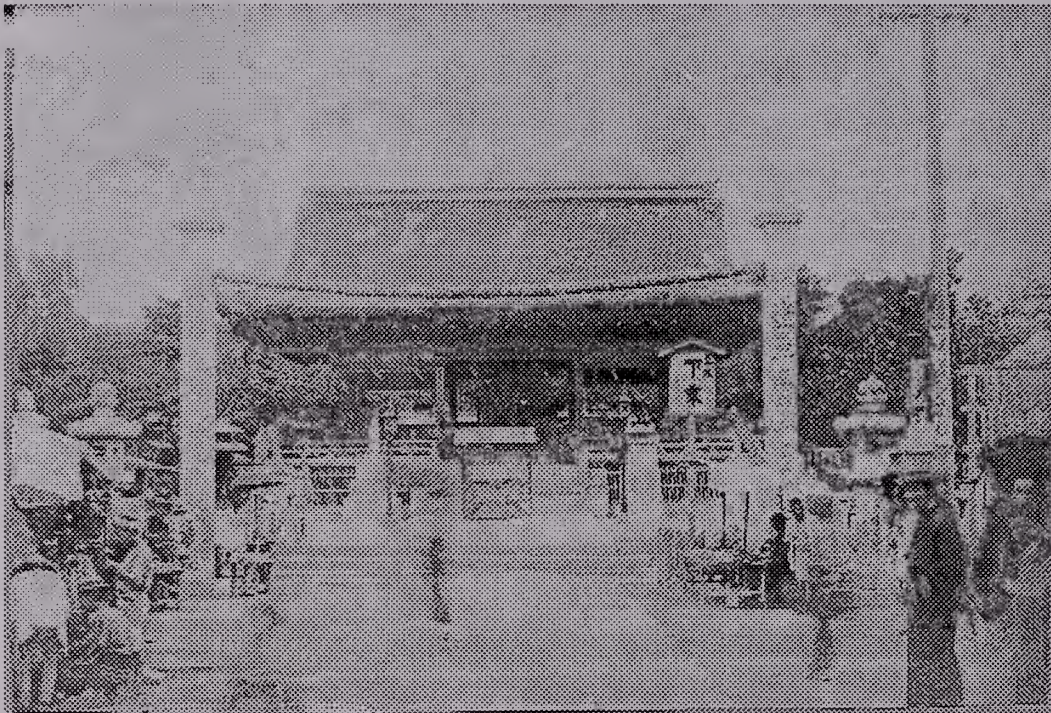
After passing three weeks of calm and storm, we felt that the boat and its officers were our own and that we had severed another link which bound us to friends and civilization when she left us.

The doctor and I say the last link was broken when we had to go to the bank and have our drafts and U.S. gold changed into paper yen and little silver 20 sen, 10 sen, etc.

We are now indeed in a foreign land, beginning to learn the ways and manners of a foreign people. In half a day we had learned to bow as the Japanese. They are so very polite that I am in constant fear of making some mistake for I am, as you know, extremely careless and thoughtless about such things.

Last week there was a seven days celebration in honor of the birthday of a favorite king who lived two hundred years ago. We went through the Japanese part of the city one afternoon and again at night to see the decorations. The streets were brilliant with all shapes and colors of lanterns.

One of our rikisha men, who spoke a little English, told us that over 5000 yen had been received in offerings at the Shinto temple during this celebration. The Shinto temples are the ones where they worship their ancestors and family idols are kept there. The Shinto worshipers consider it an act of merit to erect an arch such as you see in many pictures. It is called a "torii" and whether they were first put up for roosts for the sacred birds at the temples no one seems to know. The word torii means bird. The missionaries say that all these customs date back so far that the heathens, themselves, even the priests, cannot tell what they mean.



**Shinto Temple, Kobe.**

One day we got into the procession of a Japanese Russian Catholic funeral. We followed them into the church and saw the service. The priests were Russian, but all the attendants were Japanese.



The same day we went to see the great bronze Buddha and I had the doctor climb up and sit up on the god's hand while I took a picture.

Another day we were taking a long walk and met school children coming home from school. Not anyone we spoke to could speak or understand English so the only thing for us to do if we wanted to visit the schools was to keep on in the direction from which we saw the children coming. It was not hard to do for three thousand pupils attend these public schools and we thought until we got into the grounds that they had all been dismissed at once. But we saw when we entered that we had met only about one half of them.

We first met a large primary class of girls marching out two by two just as our pupils do, saying "goodnight" to their teacher. A pretty Japanese girl was bowing very low and smiling when they saw us watching them. Then we found a large company of cadets drilling under a Japanese soldier. They were little fellows, but obeyed the commands well and were just as proud of their drilling as our Santa Ana boys are. At last one of the young men teachers came to us who could speak English. He asked where we were from and when told America, he said, "I am glad to meet you. America teaches Japan."

He acted as our guide and took us to all of the classes then in session. One was a singing class and in the girls school, a sewing class. Others were writing, arithmetic, etc. The most interesting to us was a class of little boys, some older than my S.S boys, who were just beginning to read English. They were just like our American boys. There were the timid, bashful ones who got frightened when called upon and the brave ones who like to perform before visitors. They read for us from their readers and we thanked them, made our Japanese bows and went on.

Sunday was a long day for us. At ten a.m. we went to services at the Union church. There are about one hundred Americans and more than that number of French and English in Kobe and they unite in a Congregational or Episcopal service.

There was a coldness and indifference about their worship that impressed us strangely. In the first place the church had been closed for the summer and the congregation was small. Those who were there sat on the back seats and no one but the choir sang. The scripture lesson was I Peter, second chapter and the sermon was from the latter part of the 21st verse.

The minister read his sermon then went out the door by the pulpit without speaking to anyone. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon spoke to us very cordially. They are nice, friendly people.

We have no Presbyterian missionaries in Kobe but have met one lady from the Congregational Board.

### **Diary Excerpt--September 16**

Went to visit our Japan steamer "Genkai Maru." Took pictures and stopped at photographers to leave films. Mailed 42 letters and 3 papers. Saw 400 U.S. cavalry horses from Manila.

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Monday the 18th, we went by rail to Osaka. Here the doctor was to buy his medical instruments and hospital supplies. He was waited upon by six, sometimes eight clerks and not one could speak English.

When we go shopping, we sit on cushions on the side of the counter, which is the raised floor of the shop. The clerks walk or sit before us on this floor, but we must not go upon it with our shoes on, so the things are all brought to us. Tea is brought to us in little cups and we dare not refuse to drink it.

On the way to Osaka, our train stopped at a little town, the junction for one of the summer resorts. The porter unlocked our door and motioned to us to make room for a gentleman, his wife and five children. We knew they were missionaries--they all look alike--and upon exchanging cards, found them to be Rev. B.C. Haworth and family, our own missionaries in Osaka.

It was Mr. Haworth, who in one of his trips through the country, discovered Father Oshima who copied the whole Bible and hymnbook in large characters so that, though nearly blind, he might be able to read his Bible and hymns. One of the Mission Bands read Mr. Haworth's story of Father Oshima in the "Forward."

While in Osaka we called on Rev. T.C. Winn, another of our missionaries. Mrs. Winn was out at a Bible meeting so we did not meet her.

Osaka is called the city of three hundred bridges and has a million and twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants. It used to be the capitol and

the great palace is now the only European hotel in the city. We were the only guests. I wish I had time to write the Juniors of my experience in living in a palace with all the servants at my command. There seemed to be a Japanese in every corner and at every turn waiting to open and close the doors or turn on the lights. Everything was so very poor and shabby, but they tried so hard to give us their best that we were made comfortable for the night and rather enjoyed our experience for its novelty.

We had invitations to dinner next day at both the Winns and Haworths, but had to leave early that morning. Went to Kyoto and in one of the porcelain factories, met our missionary upon whom we were to call--Rev. J.B. Porter and with him Rev. Henry Bruen.

We had seen the cloisonné pottery and Satsuma ware through all the processes of manufacture so went together to some of the great temples and shrines and then Mr. Porter took us to the finest silks and hand embroidery houses in all Japan. I have no adjectives left to describe what I saw there. One wall piece of cut velvet, about fifteen feet square represented moonlight on the Inland Sea. It, with several other choice pieces, is to be sent to the Paris Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter return next year on furlough. They are doing double work now and have taken no rest. All the missionaries we meet are charming people. Their hearts are so deep in the work and they bear so much without a word of complaint. It has been a great inspiration to us to become acquainted with them and we have from them gained much that will be a help to us.

From Kyoto, we went to Nara in an all day rain. Here we had our first Japanese dinner and then went in rikshas to the temple. The grounds connected with this great temple are beautiful. There are long avenues of fine trees--pines, camphor, larch, maples and many kinds unfamiliar, little bridges over deep ravines and mountain streams and every spot green with wild grass and shrubbery or beds of ferns. There are acres of lace and sword ferns and their delicate varieties. There are three hundred tame deer in the grounds. They followed us around and we bought barley cakes and fed them from our hands.

We returned to Kobe that night expecting our little Japanese steamer to leave Sept. 21st at noon, but we are still here, Sept. 23rd, being detained by a heavy storm. Last night it was worse again--thunder and sharp lightening, strong winds and pouring rains. We will not only be late for the annual meeting in Seoul, but our hotel bills are becoming quite an item. We find it less expensive to travel about the country.

Our steamer, the "Genkai Maru" is nothing beside the "China" and we are indeed thankful to be on land instead of passing through the Inland Sea on our way to Nagasaki in this weather. The harbor is full of vessels from all over the world and the hotel is crowded with guests, tourists and businessmen growing impatient over the delay.

Rev. H. Loomis has just come and reports a rough voyage down here from Yokohama--should have made it in 24 hours and has been three days at sea. Mr. Bruen was seasick all the way from Vancouver so I cannot expect him to be very entertaining the rest of our voyage.

Remember me to all friends, the Mission Boards, Juniors and Sunday School boys.

Very sincerely yours,

Sadie H. Nourse

**Letter from Sadie Nourse to her folks, Fusan, Korea aboard the Genkai Maru, September 25, 1899.**

My dear folks,

I will write but one letter tonight, direct it to James and let him forward to John and Bayard and they can send on to Papa and Roy.

On account of heavy storms last week, we were delayed in leaving Kobe till late Saturday p.m., September 23. For this reason we passed through the most beautiful part of the Inland Sea at night, but I cannot imagine how it could surpass what we have seen.

Until Sunday noon when we anchored in a narrow place between Shimonoseki and Moji to take on cargo, we passed through what is generally considered the most magnificent sheet of water in the world. It is 240 miles in length--so narrow in places that two vessels can not pass. Islands of all sizes terraced from the water's edge to the summit in rice fields.

When we passed out through the straits of Shimonoseki we were again on the open ocean, struck a bad storm and our vessel which is a small one felt the change and rocked and pitched in a frightful manner. Consequently I did not go down to dinner that night. Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and Mr. Shaw were the only ones who ventured below. We

had a bad night but at daylight dropped our "mud hook" as Mr. Shaw says and were in the harbor of Nagasaki. I wish you could get a good look and pictures of Japan and then you might have some idea of all I have seen. It is not possible to write in detail.

We went ashore for the first time in a sampan, rode about the city in rikshas, visited a noted temple and in the afternoon went out in rikshas to Mogi--four miles. It was like riding through fairyland. Through the city up long hills then through a narrow canyon we would say, down hills to the ocean on the other side. Then back again to catch our steamer at six-thirty.

Try to put ocean and mountain scenery together with that of picturesque Japanese villages, bamboo forests, clear mountain streams, great beds of choice ferns, wild flowers, hills terraced with rice and millet fields, vegetable gardens, etc.

Another bad night, then a quiet breakfast in harbor at Tsushima, back to our steamer chairs to spend a miserable stormy day. This was a record breaker for even Dr. Sharrocks was sick.

At 5 a.m., we dropped anchor in Fusan harbor. I am pleased with what I have already seen of my new country, but it is too early for even first impressions. Neither the people nor the country are in any way like Japan and to see two foreign countries in one week is a little confusing.

Immediately after the Genkai anchored, a sampan came out with a young Japanese gentleman carrying a letter to me from a Miss Chase, one of our missionaries stationed here. They have all preceded us to Seoul to the meeting. I will return here in two weeks via the Genkai with them and then on to Taiku with the Johnsons and Mr. Bruen. He is the oddest fellow. Everyone calls him "mamma's baby boy." He is seasick all the time. The Sharrocks and I have a good deal of fun at his expense. I like the Sharrocks ever so much. We have become well acquainted and get on beautifully together. The doctor has been a great help to me.

When I came to dinner tonight I found another letter for me. This was from Dr. Johnson concerning my freight and plans for going on. We have to go from Chemulpo via riverboat, as the railroad is not quite completed.

We have only a few passengers but very agreeable--Rev. Henry Loomis of Yokohama, Mr. Bruen and a Mrs. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Fascett going with us to Seoul. Mr. Shaw is a businessman from Kobe, manager of an ice plant company, I believe. Mr. Fascett perhaps you have heard of. He ran for governor of New York some years ago on

the Republican ticket, is a millionaire and has large interests in Korean mines. His wife, five children, nurse and governess will join him next month. He has made the trip here many times and is a most interesting conversationalist. Sunday evening neither of us felt like going down to dinner and so ate together on deck. He told me much about the government and needs of the people and the work of our missionaries. He has great admiration for our first missionary to Korea--Dr. Allen who is now U.S. minister to Korea. He says it is through Dr. Allen that he was allowed to open mines, start R.R, etc. for Dr. Allen has much influence with the emperor.

Mr. Fascett, with the Sharrocks and myself are at the dining table writing late tonight. A Russian steamer leaves early tomorrow for Japan and will catch the next mail.

All our officers of course are Japanese and speak very little English. The captain sits at the head of our table, chief officer at the foot. The purser is very fond of music and after our little morning service Sunday, he asked Mr. Loomis if I would write the words of "America" for him. I turned the pleasure over to Brother Bruen for he thought he could write plainer than I do. Then the purser came again with a paper containing the chorus of Swanee River and asked if I could write the verses for him. I did so and then explained the song for him. He said it just suited him, but I said you are neither far from home nor a slave. "Yes," he answered, "my home is in Tokio and I am a slave to the "Genkai Maru." He laughed over his joke many times and then wanted the Star Spangled Banner. My memory failed me after the second verse. Even Mr. Loomis who fought at the Battle of Gettysburg, could not help me out.

Wish I had a book with these familiar songs and also that Chamber of Commerce book on Santa Ana.

The Pattersons lost that little book for me of Dr. Chapman's, "The Secret of a Happy Day." I was real sorry to lose it and may send for you to get me another.

Whenever there is anything to be sent--I may want several things when I get settled--send to Johnson Bros. and he will send with orders of freight. Never under any circumstances burden anyone who is coming out. We have had many annoying experiences of this kind--had to pay extra freight, etc.

My letters mailed just as I left Kobe were finished hastily. Word came that the launch was ready and we would leave at twelve though we did not get out till four.

We go ashore early tomorrow and leave here at noon for Chemulpo\* where we are due September 28th. I am hoping to get my mail at Fusan. It came on this boat with us from Kobe via Doric.

Yesterday we passed the 'Gaelic' at Nagasaki returning to San Francisco. Except for occasional seasickness, I am perfectly well and have enjoyed sightseeing in Japan immensely.

Remember me to all that may inquire for me with a great deal of love to all.

I am affectionately yours,

Sadie H. Nourse

### **Diary Excerpts September 1899.**

27--Rose early to see my first sunrise on Korea shores. Beautiful. Went on shore to Fusan to see Custom Office about freight. Left trunks and wheel. Left at noon.

28--Stopped at Mokpo. Went ashore for long walk. Left this p.m. Hard wind tonight.

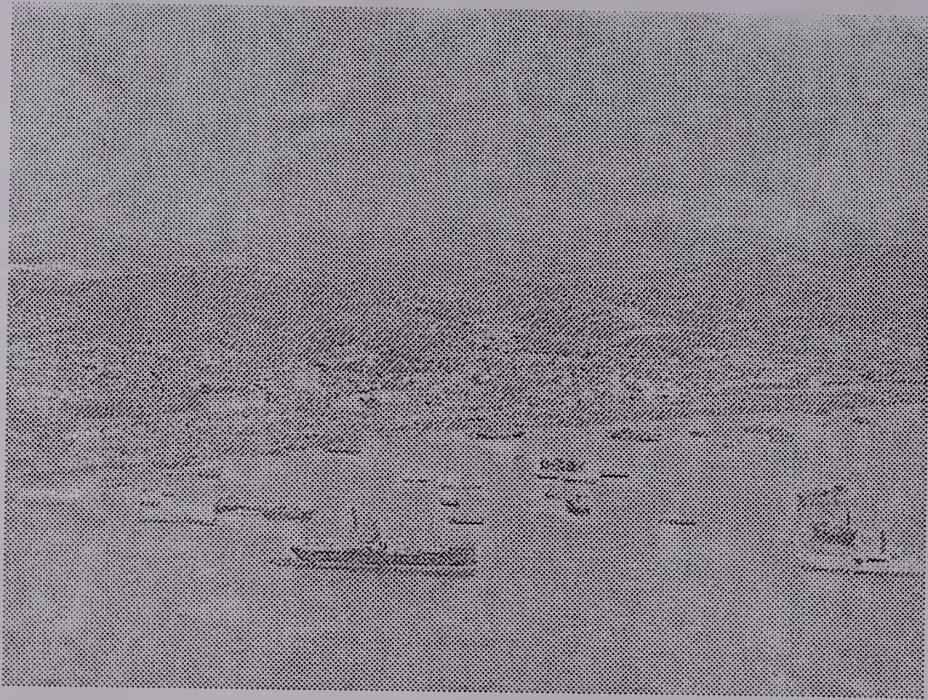
29--Arrived early this a.m. in Chemulpo. Met by Dr. Johnson. Drew ashore in Sampan. Lunch at Chinese hotel and then on RR train. Walked through sandy riverbed to boat and rikshas to Seoul. Came with Mr. Loomis to Mr. Gifford's and then to Miss Doty's.

30--Annual Meeting. Met the missionaries. Mr. Whittimore here for tiffin.\* Long walk to the old palace grounds.

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\* Chemulpo: Now Inchon

\* Tiffin: Tea

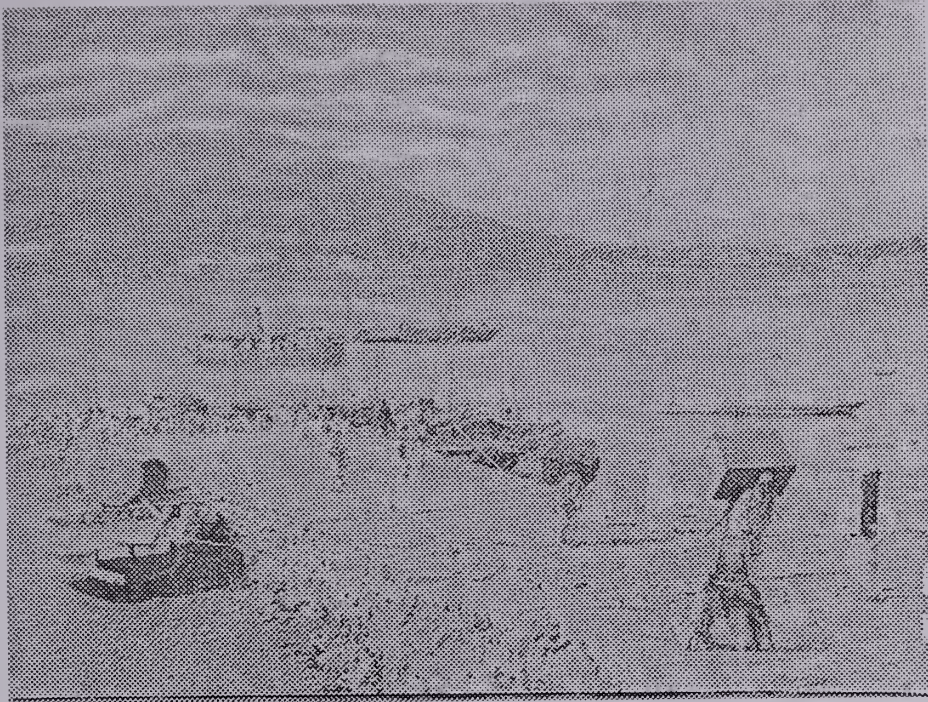


**Chemulpo Harbor, 1899.**



**Shoreline at Chemulpo, 1899.**





**Unloading freight at Chemulpo, 1899.**



**Dock at Chemulpo, 1899. Dr. Sharrocks,  
Dr. Johnson, Sadie Nourse on right.**



**Sadie Nourse in riksha on dock at Chemulpo.  
Dr. Sharrocks standing.**

**Newspaper Clipping from the Santa Ana newspaper telling of safe arrival of Sadie Nourse dated in her handwriting, November 1899.**

Miss Sadie Nourse writes from Seoul, Korea, at which place she arrived in safety and good health, and where she has been assigned for one year. Her letter to her family is a most interesting one, from which we are kindly permitted to extract in part, as follows:

I have traveled in many queer conveyances since leaving Santa Ana but the way we journeyed after leaving the railroad was great. For the convenience of passengers--till the road is completed--a track of three feet wide has been laid for train cars. There are three coaches, two first class, one second, and men carriers are the freight and baggage cars.

The first-class passengers had a covering of white muslin, but the second-class people had to hold their umbrellas to keep off the bright sunshine. Mr. Loomis, Mrs. Rischer, Dr. Wells, Dr. Drew, Dr. and Mrs. Sharrocks and myself filled one car, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Bruen, Rev. Mr. Jones and family of the South Pres. came behind and we were pushed along for three miles by two coolies relieved along the route by new men.

When the river was reached we walked some distance through the wet sand to sampans--our boat stuck on the sand and boatmen had to wade in and push us off. Mr. Bruen and his dog, Mark, were as usual late--had to get in another sampan, was afraid of getting his feet wet and had a boatman carry him on his back. At the landing we were again mobbed by carriers and riksha men, Koreans and Japanese.

Saturday morning was my first session of the Annual Meeting. It is a great privilege for us new ones to come at this time. I wish I could bring these missionaries and their work before you--it is well worthwhile crossing the ocean to meet such earnest, consecrated people.

If you can imagine a presbytery, synod and general assembly all in one you can have some idea of the business connected with the mission. These meetings are the great events in the years of a missionary's life. Everyone is expected to be present and give a written personal report of the past year's work. Every item seems to be so very important and many serious questions are to be decided--sometimes they call forth hot discussions when these bright earnest speakers take the floor, but never a harsh word, for uppermost is kept the one supreme desire, preaching the gospel. I am very pleasantly entertained here--everyone is so kind.

Saturday, Mrs. Rischer and I left the meeting at recess and went out to the new palace to see the Emperor and Crown Prince set forth on their visit to the Queen's tomb. We had an upper window at the Union Bible House facing the great gate to the palace and had a fine view.

There were two thousand armed soldiers in line, flag-bearers, high officials mounted on donkeys, all in the most ridiculous costumes. The king was carried in a covered chair, which was covered with pale yellow silk, also worn by the footmen. The Crown Prince's chair and carriers were in red.

We had to walk nearly three miles back to Miss Doty's because the Emperor and his son wanted to take a ride in their private electric car and all other cars were stopped. I was sorry not to have had my camera with me for I had so many opportunities for good pictures.

They tell me that I must not spend more than two hours daily on language studies. The nervous strain is so great that many break down before their work begins in their anxiety to learn rapidly and two hours with

## My Early Days as a Missionary Son

In the past I hesitated to write of my experiences as a boy in a missionary home because I was afraid you might become disillusioned about becoming a missionary. Now that you are about to become a foreign missionary to the Ukraine and because of your past experiences which have helped you to understand the frailties of man, I shall try to answer some of your questions.

*Sadie Nourse Welbon*

My mother descended from knights and kings of England. Her family being well aware of this heritage felt rather highly of themselves. My mother, her parents and her four younger brothers moved from Academia, Juniata County, PA in 1886 to Santa Ana, CA because her mother had developed cancer and it was thought the climate there would do her good.

My mother became very interested in becoming a missionary as a young girl and she planned on going to India under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

After a few years her mother died and she became the housekeeper for her father and four brothers. She saw them all graduate from Stanford University, but she was only able to graduate from high school. During these years she was very active in the Santa Ana Presbyterian Church. She still hoped to go to India, but the Presbyterian Mission Board asked her to go to Seoul, Korea to teach in a girl's school there. In those days, a foreign missionary's term of service was seven years. Before leaving she made a promise to her father that when her seven years were up she would come home and take care of him. She and her bags and bicycle arrived in Seoul in September, 1899. I have always admired the courage and zeal of my mother in making such a commitment to go to that far off land.

*Arthur Garner Welbon*

My father, on the other hand, had very humble origins. His father, as a young man, left his family in Lincolnshire, England and landed in Detroit where he found work in a copper smelting plant. After several years he made enough money to pay for the passage of his parents and 12 brothers and sisters. Shortly after his family arrived my grandfather married and moved to Eastmanville, MI which is about 40 miles west of Grand Rapids. When my father was born the family was living in a house beside a sawmill. His mother was a schoolteacher and helped her husband to read and write.

My father with his parents and six brothers moved from Eastmanville to Arkansas to a small place called Portia in about 1877. They were still in the lumber business. After some years he followed his older brothers to Seattle, WA where they had a lumber mill. In 1890 he decided to further his education and was accepted at Macalester College in St. Paul, MN as a preparatory student and graduated from the college in 1897. After graduating from the San Francisco Theological Seminary in 1900, he applied for missionary service under the Board of Presbyterian Foreign Missions and was sent to Seoul, Korea, a newly opened country for western missionaries.

He arrived in Seoul in the fall of 1900 and met my mother at a dinner given by some missionary friends. He was immediately attracted to her, but she was very reticent, especially after she heard from her brothers and other members of her family. She wanted to avoid him by asking Seoul Station to let her go down to teach in a girl's school in Taegu which is over a hundred miles south of Seoul. However, my father got permission to go to Taegu on an exploratory mission and managed to persuade my mother to marry him. In her diary she wrote on May 20, 1901, "Mr. W. came early and I gave him the answer he wanted." On September 24, 1901 they were married in Seoul.

In June 1908, my parents and I, (four years old at the time), and my two sisters came to America on our first furlough. We were met at San Francisco by our mother's families who were aghast that we could speak to them only in Korean. From there we travelled to Seattle to meet my father's families. Then by train we went to St Paul to visit my father's college friends and on to Adacemia near Harrisburg to visit my mother's old friends. We stayed there long enough for us children to learn to speak English. At all of these places my father was asked to preach and my mother to speak at women's meetings about their work in Korea. These were very fruitful and happy times for all of us.

An unhappy time arrived when we returned to Seoul. Two letters which my mother had written to her father were returned. Now that she was married with three children she was unable to keep her promise made to her father. This was a hurt and burden to her, but she felt she had done the right thing and never mentioned it in her diaries.

When we returned to Korea we knew we would be moving from Seoul. Since Korea was a new mission field compared to India and China, the various mission boards in Korea met in about 1909 and assigned various areas in Korea to certain missionary denominations. My father had been assigned to work in an area west of Seoul. The missionary commission decided that area should be turned over to the Methodist Board.

My father was asked to open up an area in the southeastern part of Korea at a place called Andong. He made a number of trips down there from Seoul. A church was already started there and the pastor was a good friend of my father. An area of land on a ridge on the west side of the city of Andong was purchased for five missionary homes. My father was put in charge of the building of these homes.

We all moved down to Andong in the spring of 1910, having waited for the birth of Charles who came in December, 1909. We lived in a remodelled Korean house until our new home was built. These were exciting and fruitful years for us all. I have always said these years from 1910 to 1915 were the happiest years of my youth.

A big change took place when a young missionary doctor and his wife came to Andong to take the place of a doctor we had all liked for a number of years. They were Dr. and Mrs. Roy K. Smith who at first had been located at the large Severance Hospital in Seoul. They were very unhappy to be moved to a small place like Andong. Mrs. Smith was a very ambitious woman for her husband. They came to Andong in the fall of 1912. She must have been very envious of my mother's lovely home with a large strawberry patch, fruit trees and roses all around. I remember one spring she sent to our mother the first radishes of the season before Mother had hers. It was a small thing, but it was something I remembered.

The crisis arose when Mrs. Crothers, a missionary wife, was going to have a baby and she wanted Dr. Smith to remain in Andong. The Smiths had heard of another larger station that needed a doctor. They told the Executive Committee they would only stay if the Welbons were moved since they couldn't get along with them. My father did not mind the moving, but it broke my mother's heart because she was so happy and comfortable in this home. Of course this unhappy situation affected us four children. I spoke to a good friend of ours some years later about this incident. He said our father felt that as good missionaries we should be willing to go where we are sent, but our mother felt the Smiths should not have been allowed to have their way. This also resulted in a lasting friction between my father and mother. It can be thought that our mother had some self pride in what she did and was lacking in proper dedication, but for those of us who were with her at that time we could only support her as best we could.

My mother wrote very little about this matter in her diary. I remember reading that she spent a long night talking with Mr. Crothers and at another time she wrote she could not attend one of the station meetings.

I have most of my mother's diaries which she kept from 1897 to 1925. She did not record her feelings in these diaries. At one time my sister Mary Eleanor's daughter, Barbara June, was interested in writing a biography of my mother. I shipped the diaries to her and after some time she said she could not. It is easy to understand why since my mother wrote so little about herself in them.

I noticed that my mother's diary for 1915 begins on June 30th and that a large portion is missing. I remembered that at one time my mother wrote something in her diary that my father objected to, so he cut a portion of it out. I can't imagine how my father found out nor what it was that offended him.

In a short sentence in her diary she wrote on March 8, 1915, "We left Andong." I remember before we left home she took us around to see each empty room to say goodbye. Then we left and went down the hill and stopped at the home of the Crothers. She did not mention this in her diary, but I have a picture of us there. I believe my mother wanted to let them know she had no ill feelings.

So we went back to America and lived in Santa Ana, my mother's old hometown. Here was her home church and many of her girlhood friends. We all went to school there. I was in the 6th grade. My father did the deputation travelling this time. In the spring of 1917 we returned to Korea. This time we went to Pyong Yang where we first stayed in an old hospital building. This was because there were no vacant missionary homes. During the two years we were there we had to move three times. You can imagine how my mother felt. In spite of this our father and mother were faithful in doing the missionary work that was assigned to them.

After I graduated from the 8th grade of the Pyong Yang Foreign School in the spring of 1919, my parents requested that they resign from the Foreign Mission Board. We all returned to Santa Ana. My mother had always been concerned about the education and upbringing of us children. She had seen the missionaries from England send their children home at an early age for their education and she didn't like that. We could have been sent to Kobe or Cheefoo, China to missionary high schools, but she didn't like that either.

We lived for about a year in Santa Ana. My father went into selling real estate and bought a large house for us in Tustin. He soon tired of the real estate business and reapplied to the Mission Board to go back to Korea. Soon he left us. Most of my mother's old friends thought it unwise of my father to leave us, but that is what he did.

My father was assigned to work in Taegu and he regularly corresponded with my mother. He hoped our mother would change her mind and come out and join him in Korea, but she said she would never return to Korea.

My mother was quite concerned about a Christian college for us children and decided on our going to Maryville College. It was much cheaper than the other Presbyterian colleges such as Wooster and Park. In 1921, mother sold our home in Tustin and we all moved to Maryville where we entered the Preparatory School which they had at that time. She eventually bought a beautiful home on Court Street opposite an entrance to Maryville College.

I will stop at this point and conclude with answering some of your questions. In your letter of December 12th you asked if my mother's going to Taegu was a problem. I believe I have explained it was not.

My father continued being an evangelist missionary which meant he had a certain area to which he was responsible for itinerating from one church to the other and being away from his home from two to three weeks at a time. As I mentioned my father went back and worked in Taegu and was then sent back to Andong. While out on one of his country trips he stayed in a dirty inn where he got typhus fever from fleas. He got to Severance Hospital, but died there in April, 1928 during my first year at Princeton Seminary.

My father's parents died while they were in Arkansas. I believe I met my mother's father just a few times when we had family gatherings in San Francisco. I was under the impression that my mother had not communicated with her father after we returned after our first furlough. In reading my mother's diaries I learned that after about a year he wrote to my father on some business matter and later wrote my mother about the death of a dear mutual friend.

During our various furloughs we met our mother's brothers. Roy, the oldest brother, was the closest to my mother. He and his wife were most helpful to my mother. He was principal of a large San Francisco high school. Her brother, John, was a Justice of an Appellate Court and lived in Palo Alto. They took care of my grandfather. Uncle James was a reporter of the San Francisco Examiner. It was a Hearst paper and so he was not held in such high esteem by the family.

My Uncle Bayard was the youngest brother and was a pet of his father. He was in the insurance business and I don't recall meeting him.

As you know I belong to a generation that does not mention the word sex. Yet it played a part in the missionary's life of that day. I have already told you that the work of an evangelistic missionary involved their being away from home for several weeks at a time. When we were living in Andong, a young missionary couple came to Andong and was assigned a certain area to do evangelistic work. The man solved the problem by insisting his wife go with him. This was something that was unheard of at that time. One of the ladies, (not my mother), went to visit the wife and found she had a black eye. A station meeting was called and they were asked to resign.

It is clear by now that my early days as a missionary son had its difficulties. Some were happy times and some were not. It made me determined to have a different kind of home. When in seminary, I heard of some young ministers who had married unwisely which hampered their work. I made it a matter of prayer and believe the Lord helped me to make a right choice.

*written by Henry Welbon*

